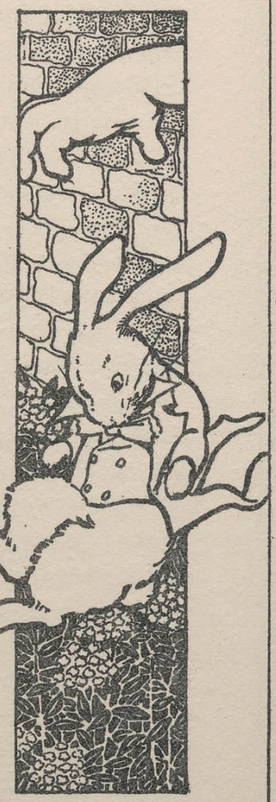
heard it say to itself, "Then I'll go round and get in at the window."

"*That* you won't!" thought Alice, and, after waiting till she fancied she heard the Rabbit just under the window, she suddenly spread out her hand, and made a snatch in the air. She did not get hold of anything, but she heard a little shriek and a fall, and a crash of broken glass, from which she concluded that it was just possible it had fallen into a cucumber frame, or something of the sort.



Next came an angry voice —the Rabbit's—"Pat! Pat! Where are you?" And then a voice she had never heard

before, "Sure then I'm here! Digging for apples, yer honor!"

"Digging for apples, indeed!" said the Rabbit angrily. Here! Come and help me out of *this!*" (Sounds of more broken glass.)

"Now tell me, Pat, what's that in the window?"

"Sure, it's an arm, yer honor!" (He pronounced it "arrum.")

"An arm, you goose! Who ever saw one that size? Why, it fills the whole window!"

"Sure it does, yer honor; but it's an arm for all that."

"Well, it's got no business there, at any rate; go and take it away!"

There was a long silence after this, and Alice could only hear whispers now and then, such as, "Sure I don't like it, yer honor, at all at all!"

"Do as I tell you, you coward!" and at last she spread out her hand again and made another snatch in the air. This time there were

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